

# THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

## Fairy Godmother Waves Magic Wand Over Alien Residents of Washington

Mrs. Helen Haskin Rejoices in Her Life Work That's Evicted in Bulky Packet of Letters From Recipients of Her Philanthropy.

MRS. HELEN HASKIN, fairy godmother.

That's the title by which one can best describe a charming and modest woman who has been waving her fairy wand over Washington for some time, yet so quietly that few outside her beneficiaries and the most intimate circle of her friends have any idea of what she has actually accomplished.

Her work should be an inspiration to the woman who complains that she hasn't anything to do, for Mrs. Haskin discovered that she had a good many idle hours that might be turned to good account.

If any particular group of people were to claim her as their own, it would be the poor aliens living in some of the city's alleys. She has gone among them helping wherever she is most needed and her appearance is a signal for general rejoicing and a chorus of blessings.

The Rev. Nicholas de Carlo, whose parishioners, almost exclusively aliens, have brought a number of cases to her notice and gives unstinted praise to what she has done. She studied nursing and is able to advise sick ones how to relieve their condition and to help ignorant mothers in taking more intelligent care of their babies.

Immigration Cases.

In spite of the fact that she has done a great deal of philanthropic work, Mrs. Haskin managed to escape any blame of trumpets until she came in touch with the Bureau of Immigration through her connection with various cases where her personal interest and investigation was accorded special recognition by Government officials.

One of the first cases in which she was brought into connection with the Immigration Bureau was that of Filomena Gatti, who was threatened with deportation. Mrs. Haskin managed to smooth away most of the difficulties.

She won over skeptical officials of the bureau to her point of view in connection with the case of Norma West, a beautiful English girl, who found herself stranded in Washington. The girl would have been left destitute had not Mrs. Haskin come to her rescue with the shelter of her own home and the loan of money for return passage when she started for England.

Mrs. Haskin has received numerous letters of gratitude from the girls, who were scarcely more than twenty years old, as well as from her mother, Mrs. Cole, and her friend, Lady Juliet Knightly, of Fawley, Davenry.

Other Philanthropy.

Foreign residents of Washington are not the only ones for whom Mrs. Haskin has waved her magic wand. If one were to ask Miss Mary Merrick, president of the Christ Child

Society, what Mrs. Haskin has done she would probably have trouble in confining herself to only a few examples. The fairy godmother herself would be the last one to tell of all she has done, but is content to let some of her letters speak for her.

Exhibit 1 is a letter from a mother thanking her for a child's Easter dress.

Exhibit 2, another letter of thanks, acknowledges the payment of tuition for a little boy at a parish school.

Exhibit 3 was a letter accompanying a number of milk tickets Mrs. Haskin had bought for distribution by the Christ Child Society.

Exhibits 4 and 5 expressed gratitude for sets of china presented an orphanage and a convent.

Exhibit 6 showed that Mrs. Haskin had been securing work for several girls too delicate for arduous hours in the shops.

Exhibit 7, well, they are all alike in their reflection of a philanthropy that is as cosmopolitan as it is efficient.

A fixed and a lasting custom.

"It's My Life Work."

In addition to her fairy godmotherhood she has been real godmother at numerous christenings, so she will probably feel it her duty to exercise her protectorate over their childhood, for she's that kind.

If she wished, Mrs. Haskin could give all sorts of instructions on how to be a mother at home and a fairy godmother away from it, but she refuses to do more than let an interviewer peruse a bulky envelope of letters and to make one short statement.

"It is my life work and great desire to be as useful as I can."

Considering the lengthy monologues that fairy godmothers usually give when they bestow their gifts Mrs. Haskin's brief "interview" was epochal, to say the least. Perhaps the styles in fairy godmothers are changing? Who knows?

## "Pictures Are Nice But They Are Not Art," Says Robert Taggart, New Member of Poli Company

Late Recruit From the Films Does Not Think That Pictures Have Reached Their Full Flower of Perfection and Confesses That He Has Not Fallen Too Desperately In Love With Them. However, Pictures Are Strenuous Sometimes, and Taggart Isn't a Thin Chap!

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

FROM feeling that pictures were their rivals, stage folk have come to look upon them in quite a friendly spirit. Some are serious over them, some are not, some see in them a new art, and still others, having dipped into them once or twice, shake their heads, murmur "not for me," and go back to the footlights. But no one, except maybe the producers, and managers of the legitimate, is really afraid of them.

When Robert Taggart, the new second man at Poli's, smiled urbanely last night and vouchsafed that "Pictures are nice, but they are not art," he was instantly catalogued as being one of those who have taken a dose of pictures, and didn't like it. His little flirter into the movies took place just the three months past, and he was by no means unsuccessful, but he doesn't think they are art. That isn't a guarantee that he wouldn't go back into them again, but it is his reason, besides several others, for returning to stock.

Incidentally, he likes stock, thinks it is the greatest school in the world. If one has sense enough to work hard, he is playing the role of "Simp" Calloway in "Believe Me, Xanthippe," the current attraction at Poli's. But the actual secret of his rather tepid fancy for the pictures he revealed all unknowingly in a "undisputed testimony."

Misses Being Stout.

The ability to use his slip of the tongue against him was partly due to the fact that having seen Mr. Taggart in the flesh, certain conclusions could be drawn, for Robert is—well—large. He is a rather tall, amiable, quiet young man, with a jolly, well-covered, dimpled face,

although the dimples never show unless he laughs heartily. His hair is black, and brushed straight back from his head, and his eyes, are—oh, dark and rather big.

He is quite a fine looking chap, but the fact that he is—or one might say, just misses being—stout is quite evident.

Besides, in self-defense, it may be said that he has all of the other peculiarities of stout people. He draws when he talks, although his diction is very good. He doesn't move about like Douglas Fairbanks, and he is blessed with a placid, restful nature which fond mothers always describe by saying of a healthy looking infant, "He has never stirred me an hour of trouble since he was born."

Not Afraid of Work.

Perhaps, just to refute such an accusation, Taggart will go into the movies and make one of the coming stars, not the kind that blossom on the stage first and then ask for a million dollars a minute and no questions asked no matter how terribly they screen, but one of the stars made from hard work day in and day out in this one particular line.

He isn't afraid of hard work, because he said so, and there is a very great difference between hard work and strenuous work.

"I love the pictures," he said, amiably, twisting a half smoked cigar from one side of his mouth to the other and pulling on it reflectively, "but I can't say that I think that they are art. For instance, you will come into a room, within a given space, he told that a man in a chair has stolen money from you and that you are to register rage and hatred. Now, I hold that with practice almost anyone could do that. Some could do it without practice."

"Again, half of the success is won if you photograph well. What they want in pictures is black and white. If you have fair hair, very fair hair, are very dark, with dark eyes, and strong decided features which can produce shadows capable of registering the emotions, you will be successful."

When one considers those things first taken from the stage, the value of good features may be imagined when one realizes that the little shutter which opens and shuts every thirty seconds of a second catches every shade of expression made within that time. It sees what the human eye cannot distinguish.

Changed En Route.

"The great fault of looking at one's own pictures in this merciless photography is that one will get too critical. My first film was a torture to me in more ways than one, and when I saw myself acting all that I could murmur was 'Oh! Oh! I look like that! I couldn't possibly have done that!'"

"The first time I presented myself, I was told to get on a horse and ride. I did. I hadn't been on one for years, ages. The next morning I literally crawled down to the studio, and the day after when my torture was extreme, the manager invited me to 'do the whole thing over again.'"

The 22-karat Taggart smile boomed out and the black head was shaken negatively.

"But that taking the scene over reminded me of another scene that I had to take over. I was to jump."

A Chinese Water Lily.

Behold what I have coaxed into being: And a month ago it was dead to all seeing.

I gave it water and sun and air, And hope, and love. Oh, you must care To make a water lily grow.

The leaves are firm and straight I've watched them closely and I've seen How fast they grew from dawn to night, With wind and water and love and light.

Bloom, lily, bloom! And all my room Will quiver with fragrance from your showery Of perfect, wee flowers. My window will, an altar to the sun, Will shimmer with beauty sheer and fine.

Oh, God of Nature, this has been done, And the doing was mine! A month ago it was dead to the seeing, Behold, I have coaxed it into being!

—Ruth R. Coleman.

October.

The prudish maid October's coming down From her accustomed visit to the north; Of her approach the signs are putting forth I hear the rustle of her russet gown, Her voice rings shrilly on the frosty air; The forest leaves are blushing red and brown, And Nature wears a dark, forbidding frown, Intensely vex'd that she's no longer fair.

October comes! her nose is sharp and blue, Her temper changeable. At morning At noon she tries to smile; then, like a shrew, At night she's towering, turbulent and bold.

Ah! how unlike the pregnant months that now! In our rejoicing bosoms their abundant store, Thomas MacKellar in Public Ledger.



ROBERT TAGGART.

out of an automobile and rush up a flight of steps into a house, open the door, bounce in and shut it behind me. The action was very swift.

"Now it happened that the interior of that scene was taken several weeks after the day when I had jumped out of the machine and dashed up the steps. They threw the picture on the screen and to my horror I saw that I had evidently managed to change clothes on the jump."

"For when I went into the door I had on a business suit, and when I got on the other side and shut it I had on also a heavy overcoat and a nice, warm muffler."

"It is hard to remember what one has worn two weeks ago in certain scenes. But that is what the screen actor must do. Little note books—that is the best plan always for remembering."

Mr. Taggart thinks as do many stage folk who have gone into the films, that the great stars are yet to come, and that they are to be made in the movie field exclusively, not garnered from the footlights.

And with the same plan working, producers, photographers, directors will become more and more expert, he says, as time goes on until with the proper combination the perfected film will come.

But whether or not Mr. Taggart will elect to aid is unknown. His appearances so far are very successful. He will be shown with Miss Irene Fenwick in three George Kleine films, "The Woman Next Door," "The Flier," and "The Sentimental Lady."

### PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:

1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of The Washington Times.
2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.

## Vaccination For Measles Works Well

By DR. L. K. HIRSCHBERG.

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MEASLES is the Palsy Beller of infantile maladies. When a healthy man is asked, "Have you ever been sick?" the answer is, "Never in my life—only measles."

Measles is dismissed as lightly as a puff of cigarette smoke. Yet the fatal and annual ravages from measles is greater than that of typhoid, rabies, and smallpox, and the legion of defects, such as inflamed eyes, running ears, and other deformities, left as its stigma upon human kind after recovery, will never be accurately reported. If you can tell the precise damage done to children by measles you can solve this riddle.

The inroads of measles upon infants has been checked in recent years only by better sanitation and cleaner houses. Mothers, however, still deceive themselves and endanger the future strength and efficiency of their youngsters by wrongly regarding measles as a trivial or nearly harmless ailment of childhood that "everybody must have."

Nothing could be wider of the mark; nothing could be farther from the truth. Dr. C. Herrman, of New York city, has carried out recent researches into this aged-dilemma which have, to say the least, a distinct intelligible glimmer for the future. Dr. Herrman proposes to make infants immune to measles before they are five months old. His method is the outgrowth of the well-known discovery that infants in the early months of life, when near others with measles, consistently escape its depredations.

Method of Immunizing.

Dr. Herrman obtained the consent first of the mother, a personal friend, to inject her four-months-old baby with blood from a patient down with measles. This experiment usually causes measles in older children and grown-ups who have never had it.

Sure enough, the little fellow escaped the distemper, so the savant proceeded to make other children under five months immune. In no single instance of more than forty babies thus "vaccinated" against measles were there any unpleasant or disagreeable consequences.

The vaccine for injection was taken from the nasal fluids of children with measles twenty-four hours before the skin all broke out. All such children were tested with a Wassermann and other blood tests to insure that they were, except for measles, absolutely healthy.

Swabs of cotton were used to collect the fluids from the nose, and these were kept in sterilized glass tubes. The vaccination of the infants, preferably between four and five months, was made by the application of the moist cotton to the inside of the nostrils of the healthy child.

Fifteen of the over forty infants thus vaccinated against measles had, at the end of from eight to fourteen days, a small number of spots on the skin which would have been ignored under usual conditions, but when taken by and large with the experiments seem to prove that the use in smallpox vaccination, immunity to measles is accompanied by a mild, almost unobserved fever.

It appears, then, that a means is at last available whereby the depredations of this most contagious of childhood's visitations may be warded off, if not stamped out. Since practice is very loath to run close upon the heels of knowledge, since man is "set in his ways" and customs, tradition, ignorance, and superstition are always in opposition to new first aids, it will be, perhaps, two generations hence before compulsory vaccination against measles will be adopted.

### Book Reviews

THE BELGIAN COOKBOOK—Edited by Mrs. Brian Luck. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.00 net.

Belgian thrift—while Belgium was still Belgium—had become a proverb on the continent. From the Belgian refugees in England Mrs. Luck has collected and edited any number of practical recipes. American housewives on the lookout for something "different" would do well to purchase this new cookbook.

THE FREELANDS—By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.35 net.

Mr. Galsworthy's place in the sun is well fixed. With each of his novels has come the broadening of his power of expression, his ability to make his men and women live, and with that power his right to become an interpreter of the moral and political questions of his day must pass unchallenged.

Not that Mr. Galsworthy himself proclaims himself as such. He merely presents, as in this present volume, one of England's burning issues. The Freelands, as a family, represent that contrast of disposition, station in life, and outlook upon things which any sensible person has come to expect of any family so large. Kirsten Freeland moves through the narrative, a number though not repellent, compelling her family to bear the burden of a personality strange and difficult.

But in vivid contrast the charm of Frances Freeland comes to us, perhaps we will remember her longest, with her remedies, her gifts, and her love of things that are "nice."

Neddie is a charming English girlhood; Shoula, too exasperating to be dismissed lightly. But after all is said and done, the book is a study in masculine contrast. Given four brothers, Freelands born, with a sprinkling of minor characteristics, including the tragic neurosis of Trysl, Galsworthy has done in the portraying of their lives the most notable work of his career.

INDIAN WHY STORIES—By Frank B. Linderman. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. Price, \$2.00 net.

This charming book, illustrated by Charles M. Russell, is just the thing for rainy afternoons, or that hour between finished lessons and bedtime. The stories are simply told, and they hold the most restless child, as they will be arranged in short chapters.

IN CAMP ON BASS ISLAND—By Paul C. Tomlinson. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. Price, \$1.25 net.

For the older boy, Mr. Tomlinson's books are delightful gifts. With the adventures of "The Classmates" is blended an accurate knowledge of camping and first aid which is profitable as well as entertaining.

THE TOY SHOP BOOK—By Ada Van Stone Harris and Lillian McLean Waldo. H. R. Lippincott's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.25 net.

And lest the tiniest tot be forgotten, Scribner this fall issues a book illustrated in color, with simple stories about every-day things the little people know about; the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. Interspersed with these are the Stevenson classics of childhood.

### AN AFTERNOON SUIT



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Black Velvet and Satin Are Used in This Armand Model. The Coat Is a Cutaway In Front, Fitted With a Circular Back and Is Bound By Bands of Velvet on the Edges. It Is Fastened With One Button at the Waistline, With Three Buttons at the Neck to Give a High Effect. Sleeves Are Loose. A Comfortable Suit For Sudden Warm Weather.

## Surgeon General Rupert Blue of the U. S. Public Health Service Says:

"I WANT TO WARN YOU AGAINST THE CRAZE PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY HAVE FOR WHITE FLOUR. THE WHITEST FLOUR IS NOT THE BEST; IT IS NOT THE PUREST; IT IS ONLY THE DEAREST, AND WHEN YOU BUY IT YOU BUY LOOKS AND NOT NOURISHMENT. IN ORDER TO MAKE IT WHITE, SOME OF THE MOST NOURISHING AND ESSENTIAL COMPONENTS OF THE NATURAL WHEAT HAVE BEEN TAKEN AWAY."

These "nourishing and essential components" are the priceless mineral phosphates of the grain, known as the "tissue salts," indispensable for perfect health of body, brain and nerves.

Everywhere food scientists and physicians are sounding a like note of warning, for a host of ills is following the pernicious practice of casting out these elements in the milling process, and that, simply to make the flour look white and pretty. Neurasthenia, anemia, Bright's disease, constipation, rickets, and a lowered resistance against disease in general, are some of these ills.

More and more thinking people are waking up to this evil. There's a way out.

## Grape-Nuts

FOOD

made of whole wheat and barley, retains all the nutriment of the grains and those "essential components"—the mineral elements. This splendid food was devised years ago to supply this very lack in ordinary food and fortify the system against the onslaughts of disease. It does it wonderfully well.

Grape-Nuts comes ready to eat, convenient, economical and nourishing, and has become a household word in thousands of homes for its sterling food values and delicious flavor.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

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